EXHIBIT K

New York is lonely.

Sometimes it hits me how much the city, and some people in it, have given me. The trust, and responsibility, and respect, and forgiveness, and luck. And I feel an overwhelm sadness. Somewhere that ingratitude and loneliness intersect.

Ingratitude because I know that as much as people have given me, I'll never really be able to say 'thank you', not really. Not sincerely. To truly be thankful you have to have felt it in your heart, in your stomach, in your head--the rush of pleasure, of kinship, of gratitude. And I don't feel those things. When my friends throw me a surprise party I'm stuck by how much I mean to them and how much they're doing to show it. When my bosses respect my opinion and decisions, and compliment me I remember how lucky I am, how much they invested in me to get me to where I am. When she says she loves me--I remember how unlovable I am, and how she doesn't seem to care about that. But I don't feel anything, or at least anything good. I don't feel pleasure, or love, or pride, or devotion. I feel the awkwardness of the moment enclosing on me. The pressure to react appropriately, to show that I love them back. And I don't, because I can't. And so instead I feel an intense guilt--that they've been so good to me, and that I don't even appreciate it. The feeling when the girl of your dreams proposes, and now that you have her she doesn't make you happy anymore.

And I am lonely, because as much as people care about my work and my friendship and my support and my ideas….   No one seems to care about me. About what's going on inside me. People shy away from it. From the ugliness and messiness and regret and guilt and anxiety and the memories that haunt me.

I don't feel pleasure. I don't feel happiness. Somehow myreward system never clicked. My highest hights, my proudest moments, come and pass and I feel nothing but the aching hole in my brain where happiness should be. And my purest moments, the moments when I am finally free--the rush of cool air when a roller coaster takes over, the intense focusing when I move inside of her, the high when I'm playing badminton and finally break out of my overweight body-- their trademark isn't a rush of ecstasy. Their trademark is nothingness, a brief relief from everything else in my life. I feel clear, and I feel free. I feel nothing, and it's the best thing I've ever felt.

But when I say that--when I describe the calmness of a rushing wind just cool enough to massage my head into blankness--people don't get it. "I guess that's just his kink", they think to themselves. Or maybe "why is he avoiding talking about what he really likes?"

And no one is curious. No one cares, not really, about the self I see. They care about the Sam they see, and what he means to them. And they don't seem to understand who that Sam is--a product of thoughts that I decide people should hear. My real-life twitter account.

I guess it's something about the city. It's be true everywhere, to some extent, but never as much as here. Somehow the professionalism of our jobs, the insularity of having a boyfriend or girlfriend, the career penis contests with friends and coworkers, the anchoring on who you chose to be, the properness that's expected of an adult, the comfort of having a stable life-- somehow all of that shit ties us down and prevents us from showing any vulnerability. And if you're not able to show weakness, you also can't really empathize with it in others.

I enjoy my coworkers but they show no interest in seeing who I really am, in hearing the thoughts I hold back. The more honest I try to make our friendships the more they fade away.

We brace for the dangers of the jungle, and in doing so we become the concrete we walk on. Somehow the city infects us all.

The few times that people open themselves up and look into me with open eyes mean the world to me. The drunken talk with ███ after the previous winter party. The dinner where ███ talks about her frustrations. The moments when ███ came to terms with my depression, and the few days when ██ cared about me. The night ██ opened up to me about her relationship in the freezing cold of Washington square park. The evening ██ and I finally talked about work.

But I remember college. I remember ██ maybe the only person who's ever accepted me for who I am. ███ who saw my depression clearly (before that whole shitshow ended our friendship). ███ that night on the inflatable mattress in DC. And ███ -the first and last time I've had a best friend.

And I think of my brief nights in Oxford, and I remember what it means to be around good people. I respect my friends and colleagues here, and think that by and large they do good, and that by and large they care about doing good. But being good isn't what makes them who they are, it's just sometimes a byproduct. And I remember how I lit up when talking to ███ ███.

And I remember what I've lost.

Is it the city? Is it my friends, my coworkers?

Or is it the common factor between my relationships with my coworkers, bosses, friends, girlfriends, flings, friends of friends, dates, board game friends, family? Is it me?

Same city, yeah, we can't break up

Nice mask on, wear the same one

The greatest trick that the devil ever pulled

Was convincing women that they looked

Better in their makeup

I wear war paint, fight to the casket

Too tired to apologize on this mattress

Emotional detachment, what's the matter?

She's learning that she never should have

Dated a rapper

I don't blame her, my mind is gone

I'm at dinner, checking phone calls

Texts & blogs

I don't hear a word, I know nothing at all

Just concerned about the world

Memorizing these songs

Goes on and on

Don't wanna break you

But I'm leading you on

On, on, on, on

And now it's gone